

## CAIRO BACHELORS WHO WANT WIVES

Explain Why They Have Remained Single for Many Years.

## UP TO YOUNG WOMEN

THIS LEAP YEAR TO REDUCE NUMBER—READ THE LETTERS—THE'RE PEACHES.

During the past week The Bulletin has been in receipt of a number of letters written by unmarried gentlemen residing in or not far from the city, who, while desiring to forsake the discomforts and misery of celibacy, have not been able to summon up courage to make a proposition of this kind to any one of the very many attractive young ladies in the city. The subject was brought to the attention of The Bulletin by a letter addressed to the editor by one of the prominent citizens of Cairo, a father of a family, as the sobriquet selected by "Paterfamilias" in signing his letter indicated. The gentleman propounded the question, "Why is it that the stock of eligible bachelors is so large, and, in fact, so much larger than it was, say five years ago?" It is this question that The Bulletin has attempted to answer. As was stated in recent issues a number of the most eligible of the local bachelors, and especially those usually designated by the pitiable expression "hopeless," were interviewed on the subject, and fairly and squarely asked for an explanation of the situation in general as well as the particular reason in each case for such a state of things.

Practically all of the gentlemen interviewed were frank enough to admit a willingness and in many cases an actual desire for a radical change in the state of celibacy. With but one exception it was agreed that "single blessedness" is a snare and a delusion and the general consensus of opinion was that it only needed an opportunity on the part of many to correct the omissions of his past.

"It is not the girl's fault," said one bachelor, with tears in his eyes. "I have been on the point of a proposal a half dozen times and was only restrained by my natural modesty and timidity." "I felt positive more than once," he continued, "that my suit was favorably received, but I could not bring myself to the point." This gentleman, a Chesterfield in manners and address, bitterly complained of the fact that 1900 was not a blizzard year. He explained that he was too young four years previous to that time to appreciate the opportunity and he has never ceased regretting that he met the several overtures which which he was favored at the time to appreciate the opportunity and he has never ceased regretting that he met with several overtures with which he was favored at the time, with much less kindly consideration than they really deserved. In one case, he acknowledged, he almost ridiculed the suggestion. Something of which he repented again and again.

In order to remedy just such conditions The Bulletin decided to offer its services and to throw open its columns to those unmarried gentlemen who, anxious to mend the evil of their ways, lack the necessary moral courage to openly assume the initiative in the matter.

An invitation was extended to all gentlemen anxious to take advantage of the peculiar marital privileges accorded the ladies during each blizzard year and now in order for the first time in the past, eight long years, to express their susceptibility to overtures of this kind. The timid, diffident bachelors, shrinking from

such a bold step themselves, were encouraged to write of their troubles in the form of a public letter to The Bulletin with the understanding that the names of the writers would be held in sacred and inviolable confidence. It was at first feared that few would avail themselves of the opportunity but after the ice was once broken the response was even more general than was expected. As a result twenty letters are published herewith from which it will be seen that there is a commendable desire on the part of at least that many to make up for the past delinquencies. A number of letters written anonymously, where the real name of the writer did not accompany the communication, are withheld and several letters written by individuals The Bulletin did not feel itself justified in recommending, either on account of extreme youth or advanced age or owing to the social standing of the writer, were returned without comment. Those published, however, speak for themselves and it is with much satisfaction that The Bulletin reproduces them can recommend the writers to the ladies in the city desiring to take advantage of the privileges of leap year at this early date, and before the best subjects have all been selected.

The letters, reproduced just as written in respect to spelling and grammar follow:

**Editor of Bulletin:**—  
Taking advantage of your suggestion I write saying that I am not adverse to consideration of subject discussed in your columns by "Paterfamilias." I have thought over the subject for some time but have hesitated mentioning the subject to any one of the two or three young ladies I have in mind. Now I am determined to bring about a change in this particular and will be glad to hear from any young lady between sixteen and twenty-six years old. I prefer a blonde with contralto voice, good companion. I am under thirty years of age and domestic in my habits. Address care Bulletin.

**EBEN HOLDEN.**  
**To the editor:**—  
Your idea is an excellent one and covers a position exactly. I have wanted a good wife for more than a year now. Have a good position in large retail store and well regarded by employers. I can support a wife amply and will not expect her to do the cooking or washing. I am tall and slender with hazel eyes, no bad habits except smoking. I like my pipe after supper. Prefer petite type of lady with dark hair. Will exchange photographs. Write me care general delivery, city.

**"ARTHUR."**  
**Editor of Daily Bulletin,**  
Cairo, Ill.  
Dear Sir:—  
I suppose I come under your class although I am 43 years of age, but look much younger. Hair is black. I have not paid much attention to society but have busied myself in making money. I have over thirty thousand dollars in clean assets and am invested in my business which is a growing one in spite of competition. I am prepared to settle \$5,000 on a wife as a wedding present. Am tired of having to depend upon the club and theaters for my entertainment and am anxious for the true happiness of domestic life. No objection to a wife over thirty. Address me P. O. box 239, City.

**CLUBMAN.**  
**The Daily Bulletin,**  
I am not a believer in this leap year business but I am not very well acquainted in the city and so write to say that if any lady young, healthy and good looking, and of who I think I could feel a proper affection will write me, general delivery, I will be glad to call around and see if we suit each other. I am not rich but have never had no trouble in obtaining a good position. Would not expect my wife to work after we got married. I expect to move to Oklahoma next spring.

**STRANGER.**

**Editor of Cairo Bulletin.**  
I am a gentleman of mild and affable disposition. Am considered good looking and would want a stylish wife, but not a money spender. One who can dance and would not want to give up society after marriage. I am a member of Alexander Club and attend a prominent church regularly. Am not tall but well proportioned and very light on my feet. Hair light and curly, light mustache and good complexion. Grey eyes. Am demonstrative by nature and while I have always tried to be polite to the ladies have a constant heart for the right girl.

Send me photograph care Bulletin in sealed letter, marked "confidential."

**EMMETT.**  
**Bulletin Printing Company,**  
Dear Sir:—  
I have saved up several hundred dollars in the bank and own fifteen shares of a Springfield Building and loan stock which I have been paying on for over four years. Own an interest in a farm in this county. I am not a pretty man and don't put on any grills but want a good, clean, sensible wife, who is not afraid of farm life. Have a good orchard started. Address A. B. C. Grand Chain, Ill.

**Bulletin Newspaper Co.,**  
City.  
Gentlemen:—  
I am fond of pets, sociable and companionable and have all of the attributes of a fond and successful husband and father. Am not yet 40, five ft. 2 inches and well proportioned. Want a young wife with merry disposition. Own a good home and lot on Walnut street in the residence district which can be furnished by deposit out of my salary. Must see photograph with each application. No trifling.

**Write care Bulletin.**  
**LITTLE GIANT.**

**Editor of Bulletin Co.**  
Am in search of true hearted, sympathetic girl of loving and affectionate nature. One who will not play me false or pretend an affection while trying to win another more desirable from worldly standpoint but willing to take me if she can't get him. Want a helpmate willing to begin in a modest way, one who can appreciate true worth when she sees it. Am 20 yrs. old and have a good job.

**Write me care Bulletin Co., Cairo, Ills.**  
**HEARTACHE.**

**Mr. Editor.**  
I don't know whether your scheme is a "fake" or not but if it isn't and "Paterfamilias" is the gentleman I think he is, it will only be necessary for one of his daughters (not the oldest and not the youngest) to wear a "white rose" at Sabbath school next Sunday, for me to satisfactorily answer his question so far as one bachelor is concerned.

**CHRISTMAS DINNER GUEST.**  
12-31-03  
Cairo Bulletin.

**Mr. Editor**  
allow Me Space in Your Paper to Explain my views on this Marriage Question there is so many Children getting Married and old men trying to do it and Both Making Such a failure of it that it has become so discouraging for us good Men that Could do Something we must Stand Back and Listen to the Charlie Boy with his disgusting talk and the Corsette fied with his Smoked Brains if a Remedy Could be Appld to get them out of the way then us good men Would take action and do Something But to make a Success of it the girls also would have to make a few Changes Such as Wearing french heels eating arsenic wafers to make them Look nice and White and holding their umbrell in the Middle Walking down Commercial ave Looking Sideways at themselves as they Pass those Big Plate Glass Windows trying to see how high they Can hike now If all this was Cut out marriage Would increase and divorce decrease I am dead Willing to Get Married But I Believe in the Standard

on Both Sides I am Running By all dry good Stores and walking fast by all offices I hate perlers and I am bent for the Kitchen I like to eat and to get some one that knows how to cook in My aim  
Yours  
A. BATCHELLER

CAIRO, ILL. 12-30-1903  
Cairo Daily Bulletin  
Dear Sir

It seems as if your correspondence bureau was for bachelors only. I am a widower, and want a wife I had my letter all prepared to send in giving correct name, age, social standing, church membership, and so on but, when I seen the young man shot out I was satisfied I was out as bachelors. know they are not in it a long side, of a widower but begs if you will break the release time and let me in I will promise not to answer any letter from any young Lady, but will find me a Jolney little Widow, and be out of your way before you are through figuring and wondering what wraps furs and Hais would cost rather she would want a new outfit every year in 4 or 5 year  
Leap year

**Editor, The Daily Bulletin,**  
City.

**Dear Sir:**  
I am a tall blonde, with curly mustache and blue eyes. Square shouldered. I have only lived in Cairo a few months but I like the place and want to settle down. I have a few debts and want a wife of means, age not an object if good looking. I will do the square thing. If I had all the capital I would make a good thing of it. I am an expert accountant and with influence I could command a good position. I will be glad to send my photo. to any one meaning business.  
Address, general delivery.

**RAILROADER.**  
**Editor of The Bulletin,**

I have saved up \$2,000 in cash and want a wife with that much or more. Before I came to Cairo I worked in a laundry in Chicago and am conversant with that business. There is a first rate opening here with a good woman to help. Prefer one familiar with office work. Want a brunette. Write me care general delivery quick.

**HUSTLER.**  
**Editor bulletin,**

I am a River man but the River is about played out I believe I could do well in the grocery business up town if I had some capital I would like to interest some one with capital wanting a good home and kind treatment who ain't afraid of a little housework and to help in the store when busy.

**RIVERMAN.**  
Any lady wanting a young, handsome husband who has some means of her own and not disposed to be stingy get quick response by writing, to general delivery, city, to

**FAITHFUL.**  
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Candy Cathartic, cures constipation forever. No. 100. H. C. C. Co. full, druggists refund money.



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**A New Year Conquest**  
By CHARLES MORRIS HARGER  
A Story of the Great Southwest

**G**REAT clouds of yellow dust, a dazzling blue sky, sweeping winds, long reaches of level land—the midwinter southwest, and on one side the palatial train of the cattle king who was now off among the ranches looking after stock and well-bred herds.

The cattle king's daughter, whose prospective wealth entitled her to the rank of princess, sat under the striped awning on the rear platform of the train, gazing wearily at the monotonous landscape.

"How long are we to stay here?" she demanded of the porter who was industriously trying to keep the leather-covered chairs clean. He did not answer—he did not know. She went back to the parlor of the other private car and dozed the quiet woman who sat by the window nodding "Auntie, how long is this to last?"

"Until your father gets back or there are orders." "I'm tired of it—I'm going out of doors." She seized a jacket and cap, slipped down the side steps and disappeared behind the equalled depot. A disappointed heavy sigh blew in the sunshine. "I want a riding horse—quick!"

The man fairly trembled in his anxiety to serve the city girl, and in a moment she was cantering over the road and sage brush, headed straight for the green hills in the distance.

Away and away she sped, delighting in the free run of the wind, the swish of her pony's hoofs through the grass and the exhilaration of the open lands. At last she turned the horse's head—where was the station? Nothing but a rolling plain, not shifting with sunlight, but damped by shadow. With a little cry of terror she sent her mount racing ahead and strained her eyes for the engine smoke on the horizon.

"Ah, there it is—but so far away!" She surmised what had happened—her father had reached a station farther down the line and wired for the train to join him, and they had not discovered her absence before starting.

As she looked she saw off to the left another rider—a wide-brimmed ranchman—toward him she rode. As she drew nearer her cheeks grew red and her eyes brightened. Once she stopped and turned as if to leave him. Then he came close to her.

"Oh, Mr. Mason, what shall I do?" "Frank Mason, the handsome ranch superintendent, scarcely recognized her, bowing so slightly that it seemed to be merely the motion of his horse.

"What is the matter, madam?" "Don't be mean—the girl's eyes were beseeching.

"But you told me never to speak to you again—only this morning." "Yes, I know, but you see how it is—the train has gone—it is almost evening and here I am."

"It does look serious, doesn't it? Where do they think you are?" "They don't think Auntie's probably gone to sleep and won't wake up until midnight—the others think I'm in my room, in papa's car."

"It is serious—and nobody's at the ranch to take care of you. I suppose they will come back to-morrow anyhow."

"To-morrow!" The girl fairly screeched in wild. "We must get them now—to-night, don't you understand—now!"

"But it is 50 miles to the next telegraph station—how can the engineer get orders?"

He looked toward the train, which was disappearing in a cut between some creek bluffs a mile or two below the station.

"You see, it's New Year's day and everybody but the stable boys and station agent has come to the county seat to a celebration. There's a dance to-night, so they won't be home—yes, it is serious."

Their horses were moving slowly toward the station, yet a long distance away. They were talking earnestly and did not notice the curious movements of a herd of cattle that had strayed from the grandlands toward the station and now, hundreds and hundreds of them, were pushing close to the two figures. The girl's bright jacket and the flashing red of the car that topped her brown curls may have caused their exceeding interest. When a huge fellow trotted in front of her weary horse, the girl stared about her in alarm.

"Oh, Frank—Mr. Mason—look!"

The young ranchman seemed much excited. "Hurry!" he exclaimed, and urged his horse into a run. She cantered by his side, alarmed by the strange apparition of the herd, which it seemed had risen out of the soil.

The ranchman saw something else that the girl did not—a cluster of earth mounds thrown up in the level of the plain, the work of prairie dogs or some other burrowers of the plains.

Before he could caution the girl, her horse stumbled, fell, staggered, went tumbling in a heap with a broken leg for the green hills in the distance.

Now it was serious. The cattle more curious than ever, scampered faster toward the object of their interest; the fallen horse plunged and snorted; the skirts of its rider held for prisoners.

In an instant Mason was by her side tugging at the fair burden. When she was free he found her helpless from a strained ankle, and with tenderness he lifted her in his arms and to his own saddle. Then jumping beside her he turned the nervous animal, drew his revolver and shot unerringly the



struggling beast on the ground—then away toward the station resting on the broad and dusty plain.

Arrived there, he lifted her gently to one of the benches which stood in the tiny waiting-room; he transformed it into a seat with blankets from the livery stable; he heard with pleasure her words of satisfaction.

"That pin you wear—where did you get it?" she asked, irrelevantly. "It looks like Harvard."

"It is Harvard—I graduated there." "And you are herding cattle?" "I am superintending a ranch—my father owns it—10,000 head."

"And you live?" "In Chicago—my special train at St. Louis now with my sister and other aboard, bound here."

So this was the "cowboy" she had patronized and made fun of as he came to the train day after day to see her father. She had been amused by his assurance and had quarreled with him that very morning. Now she was at his mercy—and she found it rather pleasant.

"This is a strange beginning for the New Year," she broke out. "I wonder when the train will be back."

"I think it is a good beginning—I'm sure I don't know about that train—there is no connection with it yet."

"I'm sorry I was so rude this morning, Mr. Mason."

"Don't worry, Anna—Miss Seamans' five smiled, cautiously, at her."

"It is fine of you to care for me and protect me this way," she went on, "and I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try. This is not the first time I have seen you—I danced with you two years ago at your cousin's ball."

"I do not remember, but you have been very good now. I shall not forget it."

"I know—but don't you think it would be a fine thing to have me take care of you all the time?"

She gave a pressure of her hand—but no more. Almost at the door was a rumble, a high note "T-o-o-t!" and the striped awning of the rear car came into view a few feet away.

"Quick—love, will you?" His words were eager, and as he lifted her in his arms once more for a journey to the train she whispered: "Yes."

Almost as soon from the opposite direction came Mr. Seamans and his foreman. He greeted the pair with smiles and laughed at the daughter's injuries when he found they were not serious.

"Stay on with us," he invited Mason. "We'll bring you back before we leave for Chicago."

"How did the train come back so soon?" asked Miss Seamans, rising from her couch. "I thought it was 50 miles to the next station!"

"Wireless telegraphy," suggested Mason.

"Shucks," said the aunt, contemptuously. "The engineer pulled it down to the creek to fill the boilers. We weren't gone half an hour."

The girl looked quickly into the laughing eyes of the young ranchman. "I believe you knew it all the time," she exclaimed.

"I did not tell you differently," he pleaded. "You remember I was under orders."

She was not satisfied. That evening as they sat out under the striped awning on the rear platform and watched the landscape, glistening under the winter moon, as the train sped southward, she continued: "Really, Frank, didn't you bribe the engineer to run behind the hill so it would scare me?"

But he did not answer—nor has he answered yet, though his wife propounds the question every New Year's day.

**How Are Your Kidneys?**  
Dr. Hobbs' Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills. Safe. Free. Add Stirling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

**In the Early Days.**  
The world has been a long time in making a little progress. The delight with which the public greeted the slow-going stage coach shows how little was required to arouse the people and call forth their astonishment. That a vehicle which required two days to make the trip from New York to Philadelphia should have been known as "The Flying Machine," no longer ago than 1766, seems almost incredible in this day when we go from New York to Chicago in half that time. As a study of contrasts, before and after the great awakening which followed the birth of steam power and the inauguration of the locomotive, this chapter from a hundred years ago is interesting. The stage coach was the marvel of a slow age which the world has been centuries in reaching; the locomotive is the necessity of a rapid age, which has not yet celebrated its centennial—From "The Era of Stage Coaches," by W. S. Dunbar, in Four-Track News.

**Parrots Increasing.**  
Each year the burden of Chicago landlords is added to by the sale of 2,000 parrots to flat dwellers, and the demand is increasing rapidly. The birds are usually brought to this country from Cuba, Mexico and Africa by sailing vessels, the slow voyage gradually accustoming them to the climate. Any good parrot should say a word or two at three months of age and at the end of a year should spit up expressions readily. So common have they become that unless a varied vocabulary is used they are seldom noticed. Where there was formerly one dealer in domestic pets, who sold parrots, there are now a dozen. This alone will give an idea of the increased demand for these birds.—Chicago Tribune.

During the last ten years the L. N. B. of certified paupers in the British Isles has been steadily rising. Similarly, suicides is increasing at over big land.

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**To The Dry Goods Trade:**

We take pleasure in advising you that after the first of the New Year, 1904, the Weber Dry Goods Co., of Cairo, Illinois, will be ready for business at No. 701 Ohio Levee, with a full line of Dry Goods and Notions, direct from the largest mills and factories in the country, selected with scrupulous care by our Mr. Herman Weber, whose long experience in the wholesale dry goods business has thoroughly qualified him for this important mission. Our establishment is new and our stock is entirely fresh, up-to-date and complete in every detail. Our prices will be the lowest the market can afford, giving you the advantage of discounts obtained because of large cash purchases. Our traveling men will be on the road about January 1st to 15th, and it will be to your advantage to reserve any orders you may have until you can see what we have to offer. We respectfully solicit your patronage, and thank you in advance for any favors you may show to our representatives. With best wishes for a prosperous New Year, we are, Yours truly,

**WEBER DRY GOODS COMPANY.**